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In order to avoid delays on account of personal absence, letters to The Intelligencer intended for publication should not be addressed to any individual connected with the paper, but simply to The Intelligencer.

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1915.

WEATHER FORECAST

Probably fair Thursday and Friday.

ONE WAY TO HELP ANDERSON COLLEGE.

See names of prospective students to Dr. Kinard.

What Anderson College needs this summer, says Dr. Kinard, is an active co-operation of all the people, men and women, in the canvas for students. They can do this by sending to Dr. Kinard, either by telephone, or mail, the names of any prospective students in this or other States.

Let everybody help.

ARE TRAINMEN HUMAN BEINGS?

The management of the Chicago surface lines, following the recent strike, sent a letter to 12,000 employees, including all trainmen. Says its half-page ad in the Chicago Tribune:

The letter stated that we were going to buy some advertising in the newspapers for our employees, and would ask them to present to the public their own suggestions for the improvement of the service. Here is the first letter received in response to our letter. We believe it contains a suggestion which will appeal instantly to every one.

And here is what the employee wrote to the management: "Your letter meets with the hearty approval of the trainmen in your employ, and has already taken the desired effect. If you will permit me to offer a suggestion which may be beneficial to all concerned, I am sure the best results can be obtained. Ask the people to write of any courtesies extended by conductors or motormen that are worthy of mention, the same to be used as a mark of credit to the said trainmen. I assure you, you will be pleased with the future service of the trainmen, as there has been a marked improvement already."

The management's comment on this letter from the conductor is that "it goes to the heart of the whole matter of service in a very direct way."

It is right that complaints be made by the public to the management of anything which goes wrong. Complaints belong, in theory at least, to the people. The people have the right to demand good service, and to keep it good. It is often necessary to complain of it when it is bad.

But how about praising it when it is satisfactory? How long is it going to take people to learn that other people's minds work just as theirs do? That if a passenger does his

work better for a little praise for merit, it's only human nature that the conductor will do the same? The passenger knows the glow and enthusiasm which follows approbation. He knows how much more efficient he is when appreciated. He knows the black feeling of "What's the use?" following continual unmerited complaint. Is the trainman made of different clay?

PROHIBITION AND MEAT PRICES.

Most anything, of course, will serve as an excuse to advance the price of meat. The reason given by agents of the meat packers for a recent jump in eastern wholesale rates has at least the merit of novelty. The explanation is that the wave of prohibition throughout the country has greatly curtailed the business of the whiskey distilleries, so there is not enough of the whiskey refuse grain to fatten the usual number of cattle, and the consequent scarcity of cattle is forcing prices up.

It's just another indication of the complexity of the liquor problem. It doesn't seem ever to have occurred to the liquor men themselves to figure out an argument like this against prohibition.

A somewhat more convincing explanation of the acknowledged meat shortage—and there's less beef and mutton stored in New York than there has been in the same season for ten years—is the enormous demand by the European armies. Four thousand steers a day are going abroad to feed the allies' troops.

BIGGER INCOME TAX RETURNS.

The income tax collections for the past year show a healthy growth over the year before, in spite of the fact that there was less business done and presumably less money made. Up to July 1 the receipts were about \$80,000,000, which is \$8,500,000 more than ten days' grace may bring \$5,000,000 last year's total, and the subsequent to \$10,000,000 more.

The personal tax brought the biggest surprise. For the fiscal year of 1914 there was a total of \$28,000,000 collected from 375,508 persons. This year, while the number of taxed incomes has not increased much, the previous amount had been exceeded by \$13,000,000 up to July 1, with several possible millions yet to come in.

A large part of the gain is due, of course, to the fact that the 1914 taxes were only for a ten-month period, while the last collections are for a full year. Much of the increase, however, is due to an increase of governmental efficiency in handling the collections. Last year the system was chaotic. The attempt to collect from incomes at their source broke down. Payment became largely a matter of chance. Now the system has got into better working order, and the public has a better understanding of it. Muddle, rather than dishonesty, seems to have been responsible for most of the first failures to pay. There is little evidence of intentional tax-dodging.

BRIDAL GALLUSES.

The New York World seems to think there is something funny in this quotation from the Joliet Herald-News, which it sarcastically captions "An Example of Climax." "The charm of a perfect June evening with the odor of roses in the air and a cloudless harmony to the appointments of a sky, added the final note of exquisite sweetly simple wedding last night at Grace M. E. Church which united in the holy bonds of marriage Miss Edna Nicholas and Howard Bateman. One of the interesting features of the bridegroom's part in the wedding was the fact that the suspenders which he wore had been carefully embroidered seven years before by his grandmother for his grandfather's wedding day."

But if the bride had worn her grandmother's aliken hose on the same happy occasion, or her great-aunt's bridal veil brought over-seas by her sailor great-great uncle, or something like that, the mention of it would have been taken with entire and sentimental seriousness. Was it not indeed a delicate sentiment which prompted the bridegroom thus to show his appreciation of his grandmother's daintly and affectionate handiwork?

And if women are to have votes, why shouldn't men have embroidery? Is not perfect equality what is desired by all true feminists? Although, when one comes to think of it, a modern man who craved embroidered lingerie will probably be compelled to look among his grandmother's belongings to find it.

What has become, anyhow, of the old-fashioned girl who used to embroider suspenders for her beloved?

Has a Hatch.

If your scribble is not being deceived, looks like it is time red, red, red watermelon slices were being handed around. This particular fruit seems to be a little scarce this season.—Leo letter to Lake City News.

A Spot On The Battlefield

By Douglas Bronston.

"Who wins?" cried the eagle, high soaring, "Who wins in this war down below?" Then from out of the battle's dull roaring, "I win!" croaked the carrion crow.

He was twenty-five years in the making, An upright, ambitious young man. Great success was his just off the taking; His motto "I know that I can!" And his years, although few, represented A climax of centuries gone, From whose wisdom piled up and fomented Good work for his brain and his brawn. And he had, oh, so many to love him; His mother, his friends and a maid Whose tender thoughts always were of him. Each day—and at night when she preyed. But then up from the seats of the greedy A terrible walling arose; "We're insulted—revenge must be speedy! "Come, man, you must help crush our foes!" So they took him and sent him to battle. (Nor recked they of hopes that ran high!) They sent him—and other such cattle. (What matter? Not they who should die!) He was twenty-five years in the making; As true as the steel of the shell That sent his soul shrieking and quaking, Away from the place where he fell. Now the heart that was brave, loyal, humble, Lies cold in the weltering spilt. From the thing, once a man now a jumble Or horrid, unspeakable filth. Ah, the war leads to honor and glory, 'Tis so brave to be at the front! (But it's deadly, destructive and gory, While those left behind bear the brunt.)

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UNPREPAREDNESS

(Chicago Tribune.)

Dispatches from Denver announcing the amalgamation of the four powerful railway employees' unions for increased wages and service demands mean something real to informed persons. It is a mobilization for war between the brotherhoods and the railroad managers, with the nation as unprepared and helpless as Chicago was last month for the traction strike. Unless the coming session of congress develops more adequate protection the probable course of events during the coming spring, when new schedules will be demanded, is not encouraging.

Under the Newlands act the machinery for mediation and arbitration has been provided, but there is no obligation to accept the board's services, and Chicago will witness that even a powerful public opinion is not powerful enough at times. Besides the men complain that arbitration has been used as a mask to stack the cards. Since the recent proceeding in Chicago there have been violent expressions. The Utopian theory cracks under the strain of practice, we are told. The award was accepted for the stipulated period of one year and in the meantime all the units will be welded together into one compact fighting machine. This does not look promising for settlement by arbitration, which, after all, the public interest demands, under the proper guarantees to the men.

LITTLE LEAKS RUNNING STEADILY

"It's only a little leak and doesn't amount to anything" is the way that the steady drip or the fine stream from a faucet is usually regarded. But the little leak is on the job twenty-four hours a day and seven days in the week and while it may not appear to be wasting much water, it is actually letting a great deal run away. A round orifice 1-32 inch in diameter will pass 270 gallons of water in twenty-four hours at a pressure of 30 pounds to the square inch. Increase the pressure by 10 pounds and the amount is 320 gallons, at 20 pounds pressure it is 380 gallons and at 40 pounds, 420 gallons. Some of our most progressive towns that have every outlet metered show a daily per capita consumption of only 70 gallons, so that at 40 pounds pressure, which is now quite common, that fine stream is wasting the equivalent of a day's supply for six persons.

A stream of water 1-32 inch in diameter isn't a bigger than a good sized sewing needle. Increase it to 1-16 inch about the size of one of those crochet hooks that grandma uses, and the amount it will get away with in twenty-four hours is amazing. Starting at 850 gallons for 30 pounds pressure, it reaches 1230 gallons at 40 pounds. Enough to supply almost eighteen people for washing, drinking and bathing for a day and night. These are only the fine leaks that look like negligible quantities as they leave the tap. Take a faucet that is openly spluttering with a leak equivalent to 1-8 inch and it's criminal. The amount it runs to waste would supply an orphan asylum as it gets away with 4,530 gallons at 60 pounds pressure in twenty-four hours.

Orangeburg Weed.

The raising of tobacco in being attempted again in this county with very good success in the vicinity of Branchville. Several farmers in this section of the county have undertaken the growing of this plant, and they have been so successful that it is understood that a warehouse is to be erected at Branchville and a buyer is to be at Branchville at the opening of the season, about a month from this time.—Orangeburg News.

ABOUT THE STATE

Six Tons Per Acre. Mr. H. C. Smith, of Yorkville No. 4, recently cut his alfalfa and secured a yield of approximately twelve tons of hay off two acres. This is the second cutting Mr. Smith has gotten this year. Provided the seasons are good, he is expecting to obtain at least 25 more tons of alfalfa off the two-acre patch this year.—Yorkville Enquirer.

Florence Weed. Mr. A. J. Coleman, of Florence, is in the city today to attend the meeting of the board of registration. This is the first Monday in his month, but he found that everything was closed up here so it is not likely that the board held a meeting. Mr. Coleman is among the first to put in a barn of tobacco. He has a barn cutting out now. One other citizen of his section has put in a barn also. Mr. W. H. Harrell, of the Hyman section, Mr. Coleman says that while the tobacco crop is not what it should be for this time of the year, it has come out a great deal since the recent rains and the farmers are now hopeful of a better yield.—Florence Times.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS

- Following is the list of letters remaining uncalled for in the postoffice at Anderson, S. C. for the week ending July 7, 1915. Persons calling for these will please say they were advertised. One cent fee on all advertised matter.
A—Miss Ola Astors, Thomas Adger.
B—Mrs. F. A. Boden, Nelly Brownlee, Henry Bolden.
C—Anner Carles, Corine D. Cogswell, B. V. Cox, Luther Caswell, Mrs. M. V. Carter.
D—Lola E. Dixon.
E—W. L. Eardley.
G—August Gary, Miss Julia Gallman, Brewer Hall.
J—Bud Jones, Miss Amanda Jones.
K—M. D. King, Miss Anna King, L. Sam Leacro, Henry Loyins.
L—J. M. Hattingsly, W. McKelvey, Miss Andy McLean, Clem McGee.
P—Miss Pearl Foster, Clyde Pruitt.
R—Viva Alberta and Joe Elee.
S—Sam Shiffert, Ider Smith.
T—A. W. Tindall, B. P. Turner.
U—Estilo Underwood.
W—Mrs. Dotar Walker, Mrs. M. J. L. Winn.



FOR THE PICNIC BASKET

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Crab Meat Salad. A particularly delectable salad for an automobile hamper is made by removing slices from the stem ends of firm tomatoes, peel the vegetables and with a sharp pointed spoon remove the centres. Sprinkle with salt and invert on the ice to chill. Have the crab meat flaked into small pieces, add a little shredded lettuce, and moisten with a mayonnaise dressing, to which just a taste of chili sauce has been added. Mix well, fill into the chilled tomato shells and arrange in one of the covered porcelain dishes fitted into the hamper.

Mint Lemon Punch. Prepare a strong lemonade, using a heaping cupful of sugar and four large lemons to each quart of water. Between the fingers raise the stems and lower leaves of a few sprigs of mint that have been well washed. Drop these into the lemonade, chill directly on the ice for three or four hours, and just before turning into the thermos bottle strain out the mint and add an equal quantity of food ginger ale.

Strawberry Buns. Sift half a teaspoonful of soda and a teaspoonful of cream of tartar with three cupfuls of pastry flour. Work into this with the finger tips half a cupful of butter. Then stir in two eggs that have been beaten with half a cupful of sugar and enough cold sweet milk to make a stiff dough. Mould these into buns and lay them on a greased tin. Before putting them into the oven, make an opening in the side of each; fill these with strawberry jam, draw the dough over the opening, pinch the edges tightly together, and bake about fifteen minutes.

Novelty Sandwiches. Chop together one small white onion two pitted olives, one sweet green pepper (from which the seeds have been removed), four crisp lettuce leaves and a sour pickle. Beat these ingredients into one cupful of cream cheese. Season to taste with a very little salt, and add enough mayonnaise dressing to form a paste that will spread. Use as a filling between thin slices of buttered brown bread.

Boston Sandwiches. Onto one cupful of grated American cheese beat six tablespoonsfuls of chili or chutney sauce and spread between alternate slices of brown and white bread. Use three slices for bread for each sandwich; remove the crust and cut into neat circles.

To Keep Quills Clean. Many different methods have been used by careful housekeepers for keeping the quills of elderdown comfortable clean at the top where they rub against the face. Those who have tried turning the sheet over have found that it is impossible to retain it in place; and pinning it with safety pins has not proved entirely satisfactory, for made from the looks of the pins, which are not attractive, they are liable to tear the sheet; but a strip of cloth sixteen inches wide, turned over like a quilt, so that eight inches will be on each side of it, is an excellent protector.

It may be of linen or the cotton made either with a hem one inch wide all around, attached to the outside or hemmed, or the outside edge, the one that is intended for the outside of the quilt, may be scalloped and as much hand embroidery put on it as one wants. This could be made of a strip of embroidered flouncing which has little open work and not deep scallops, as they would soon become wrinkled. The appearance of these strips is of the most turned over, and there is little work attached to ripping them off when they are soiled and require washing. They save many cleansing bills.

Silk shirts are a necessity for every man who keeps in tune with the time.

Here's an unusual collection—patterns pretty gay but it's the thing this season, \$3.50.

Also a good showing in the turn back collar shirts for the sports and the sporters.

50c, \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$2.00.

Plenty of conservative shirts in styles and patterns that are different.

50, \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$2.00.



PRESS COMMENT

"Lost Face." (Chicago Tribune.) It is a striking circumstance of China's danger and humiliation that she admits her face is in the dirt. A weakness of Chinese character was to take the injury and hide it under an appearance of unburnt pride. If face could be saved the injury was not mortal. This was like a disease which gave no warning by pain. If the Chinese people know they have been humiliated and are in danger of having their developing nationalism extinguished they may become more dangerous than they ever have been to the invader of their rights.

"We are ashamed of the humiliation" says President Yuan Shih Kai in a proclamation remarkable for admitting that face is wholly lost, "but should we blame others while we ourselves are at fault? Our own weakness has invited the insult, and I feel that I am a man of little virtue and ability. However, we have no right to stoke the existence of a nation; therefore we have to work out its salvation with care."

Exit Minister Sullivan. (News and Courier.) James M. Sullivan, American minister to the Dominican Republic, has been informed by Secretary of State Lansing that the department of state is prepared to accept his resignation, if he will be so good as to tender it. This, of course, is just a polite way of "firing" Mr. Sullivan. The decision to get rid of Mr. Sullivan was based upon the result of an investigation by a commission headed by Senator Phelan of California. The commission charged Mr. Sullivan so far as allegations of dishonest dealings were concerned, but found that he was temperamentally unfit for the position which he held under the government.

It is better to get rid of an unfit public officer than to retain him for fear of the scandal which his retirement would create. In the circumstances therefore, it is well that Mr. Sullivan should go. The whole affair, however, is most regrettable and will do him no good, not to go into details or to recall Mr. Bryan's letter about "deserving democrats." The Sullivan expose ought to help eliminate from the diplomatic service of the government the spirit and the philosophy of which that letter was an expression, but in the meantime it is not pleasant to contemplate the prospect which the episode will create in other Latin-American countries than Santo Domingo. Far too many of the men who have in the past represented the United States in those countries have been men who were very devoted to "on the make."

We Revivise. They Hope. (Massachusetts Journal.) To understand how to get along with this world, say to improve this world as well as to accommodate oneself to it, requires an intellectual tolerance rather than a moral conviction. What were the wars of religion, the persecutions of innocents, in rebellion's name, but the conscientious endeavors of morally convinced men to improve their condition upon the world? We Americans believe in democracy, but while we may believe in it, we know that as a matter of fact the greater part of the world's population does not. Knowing the fact, how can we expect Russians or Germans to think and act as democrats would think and act? The expectation is absurd. Our scientific beliefs were in material. They may be right, but they cannot expect Europe, the major portion of its people, to think so. About the only people whom they need not convince are the Chinese. We Americans live with no neighbors whose ethics are into our ribs. We inhabit almost no one. We inhabit almost a continent which

everywhere is retty much alike. Hence our dearest conviction is that all the rest of the world is like ourselves, or is going to be like ourselves soon. That is an illusion which will cause us some severe croppers, if we obstinately indulge it. Kind words butter no parsnips, and noble abstractions do not alter facts. We live in a world that is what it is, regardless of what we Americans may say or believe. Most of that world never heard of Washington's "Farewell Address" or of Lincoln's "Speech at Gettysburg." It has other notions, ideals, convictions than our own, and for its own particular act of such notions each portion of it (except China) is perfectly ready to bleed and die.

The Heart of a Child. (Spartanburg Herald.) There is a wide field of controversy as to the influences of heredity and environment of course. The argument is limitless and a world of literature has been produced along this line, but environment, that thing under human control, has never been absolved from great responsibility in forming the character of the individual, especially the environment of its child, in the earliest stages of its development. Seeds are sown then in the heart of the child that though they may lie dormant, so dormant that they are hardly known to be there by the owner of the heart, himself, they spring up in due time and bring forth fruits of the brain and heart that determine the character of the individual in his mature years. The fundamental principles of life are right then put in the heart of a child. They are there. He may not understand them or be able to interpret them for a long while, but when the awakening comes and he begins to look about to take stock of his ideas and his conception of life, he finds them stored away, placed there, by some one, he hardly knows who.

So those entrusted with the sacred duty of moulding the character and life of a child may consider seriously what things they are putting in that little head or heart, by their teaching, but more especially by their example.

Newspaper and War. (Pittsburgh Post.) A measure that ought to know better makes an assertion regarding newspaper editing during war that is worthy of being larger editions. "The public becomes calloused," says The Review of Reviews, "that the sale of large editions and the demand for extras begin to wane. The only way to stimulate the appetite for newspapers is to be doing things nearer home. Hence the use of the Lusitania incident. The newspapers seemed intent upon getting America into war over that had affair."

This silly assumption that newspapers want war is refuted by the universal attitude of the American press in commending the sound sense and moderation shown by government and people in support of a peaceful policy. Such talk as that magazine indulges in is the sort of gross misrepresentation about American principles that found belief among foreigners who are just beginning to have their eyes opened and their minds freed from prejudice. Because an event of supreme importance, strikes the world and there is extraordinary demand for information, the busy conclusion is drawn that such-and-such happening is wanted by newspapers. No one in his right senses would affirm that any newspaper on earth wants a Lusitania or a Titanic sunk, a vast territory forfeited by Wood, Mrs. earthquake or typhoons. Great committees elaborate the demand for newspapers to give all the information possible, and frequently to public service entities far more copious than the comparatively slight increase in receipts from extra editions of papers. Mason's never took 500 children to the movies. After all the kids ran the house, and why not the police.